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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XXI.

Slave trade.—A most agreeable surprize.—News from the parsonage.—An offer: how received.—Two elopements.—A new style of fingering.—Mrs. Pawlet metamorphosed.—An appointment in the country.—Gregory fears that Barclay is deranged.—The manuscripts destroyed.—Gregory on his knees.—Mr. Grub's speech to Barclay.

HAVING terminated the last chapter with an allusion to a trade the most diabolical that ever obtained amongst men, I must say a word or two on it before I proceed.

We justly despise and abhor the bawd who traffics in human flesh, though the object is what some call pleasure, that she procures for those she benefits by; whilst, with shameful blindness, we laud and esteem such as steal beings of our own nature, endowed with our feelings, sympathies, and passions, and sell them, without hope of restoration, to die far from their native homes, parents, children, liberty and friends, in slavery and woe. Horrible commerce! The thirst of gain can go no further!

Barclay was now constantly visited by Gregory, who scarcely ever came empty handed; and, getting by his literary labour a very comfortable subsistence, he had nothing to complain of but the loss of freedom and his mistress. To a lover, and an Englishman, however, what could he have more worthy of the severest complaint!

Sitting in his room one day, in pensive mood, thinking of Penelope, and of times he beheld no prospect of ever seeing more, he was interrupted by some one knocking at his door, and he had scarcely uttered "come in," when Mr. George Pawlet appeared before him.—Barclay's heart leaped in his bosom as he saw him, and starting from his chair, he met him half way, and after an exchange of friendly sentiment towards each other, Barclay, first giving him a chair, exclaimed: "but how am I to account for this visit—this welcome visit? I am at a stand to guess even in what manner it came to your knowledge that I was here."

"I learnt it by a letter."

"A letter, from whom?"

"An anonymous one," said the Merchant. "I have it in my pocket; perhaps you may know the hand-writing."

"Gregory's," cried Barclay, looking at it.

"Well, no matter whose it is," continued Mr. Pawlet; "it was written with a friendly intention. The moment I received it, and read that you were confined, I went to my brother's. Poor man this affair has made him very miserable!

"But Miss Penelope," interrupted Barclay—"how—what——",

"She," said the Merchant, "is well, but always melancholy. She still loves you, and Mr. Von Hein sues in vain, although seconded by the parson, who wishes to keep his promise. When I had taken him in private, and unfolded to him the contents of the letter I had received, he was shocked at Mr. Von Hein's conduct, for he knew he was the cause of it. 'That's going too far indeed!' said he. 'No, this must not be. We must liberate him, and keep it a secret from Von Hein.' I willingly agreed to this, and here I am for that purpose."

Barclay had experienced quite enough of confinement to make him long for liberty, but his love of independence still made him doubt what to say:—he could only exclaim, "I am unworthy of such bounty!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Pawlet, "I know your high spirit, but I will perform the object of my mission. I have been in business, and have seen so much of life, that I know when a man gets into a prison, he's like a ship sinking with a leak; while they remain in that condition they must both perish; but take the water out of the ship, and the load of debt off the prisoner, and they may both prosper. Surely you may as well owe us the money as your present creditors. We'll let you out, and you'll probably repay us; but being here, you can never repay them."

The thoughts of freedom, and something he could not explain, added to the Merchant's reasoning, which his heart was prompt to acknowledge just, determined him to accept his proposal.

"Your goodness and your brother's entirely overcome me," said he. "I will not refuse this great mark of your benevolence."

"But continued Barclay, "I shall hope that you will put me in some way, by which my talents may in time, liquidate the sum you advance for me, although my gratitude must for ever remain your debtor."

Barclay could not avoid observing an uncommon degree of liveliness in the Merchant's countenance the moment he entered, and was at a loss to guess the cause; but the conversation being now changed by Mr. Pawlet, he was quickly told what had produced it.

"It is but fair," said he, that I should promote the comfort of others as mine has

been promoted. Oh, we have had such work Mr. Temple, in our village, since your absence, as you will not easily imagine."

'Ay,' replied Barclay, 'I am anxious to know what has happened.'

'In the first place,' said he, 'I have got rid of two of my plagues.'

'Two!' cried Barclay, thinking that Master Stephen might be off with *Madame*, but not conceiving who the other could be—'is Mrs. Pawlet dead?'

'No, no,' continued the Merchant, 'but she is quiet. Music's all over at our house now. Stephen and Phyllis are both gone and I have not heard a note since. Stephen ran away with the Hon. Mr. Buckle's woman, and has settled in town.'—'And Miss Phyllis?' said Barclay.

'She,' added he, 'was seduced by the French Abbe—I suppose, for the sake of her fortune. My wife took on sadly, and called him a *thorough base* rascal, and so I think he is; but yet I cannot be angry at the good office he has done me.'—'And what is become of them?' Barclay inquired.

'Mr. Buckle still countenances the Abbe,' he replied, 'and they live at present in his house. My wife will not see either her or him, and has quite given up playing. I should have told you, by-the-bye, that it was but a week before this, she sent twenty miles for a music master, who professed to teach *a new style of fingering*, and he had not given her above three lessons, when he absconded, taking away two dozen of our silver spoons. You must believe that I am not sorry these vagaries are at an end.'

'Indeed I am not,' said Barclay; 'but, talking of vagaries, pray how does my old mistress go on?'

'Oh, poor soul,' replied the Merchant, 'she is wholely metamorphosed too, but not much for the better. The last thing I heard her say in her old way, was to Mr. Von Hein, respecting Penelope and you—'Don't be afraid of their ever coming together,' said she; 'they can never meet, any more than two parallel lines, were their existence prolonged to infinity.'

'That is the woman precisely,' cried Barclay; 'but what has she changed to, I beg to know?'

'She has been reading Mr. Addlehead on the Prophets,' said he, 'until she has become a perfect convert to his opinions, the world will be at an end, I think it is, the week after next. In this persuasion, she has entirely given up all her other pursuits. But this like her former follies, will, I dare say, soon give place to some other.'

Barclay now siezed an opportunity to renew his inquiries about Penelope, and put a thousand questions to the Merchant concerning her; the sum of his answers to which has already been given. He then requested, as the business could not be settled in a moment, that he would stay there and dine with him.

'No,' said Mr. Pawlet 'that I cannot do. I have taken a seat in the stage, and must leave you immediately. My instant return is necessary, to prevent suspicions. Von Hein must not know that we are your diliverers; therefore, too, that I may have a reserve of conscience, if asked, I shall not pay your debts, but leave you the money to perform the office yourself. 'Here,' continued he, pulling out his pocket book, 'here are three hundred pounds: the demand on you is, I believe, about two hundred and thirty pounds; the fees will make it something more. You discharge it, and account to me for the difference.'

Barclay pressed his hand as he received the notes, in such a manner as fully expressed the warmth of his feeling.

'You know *****," added he, 'in about thirty miles from our village.'

'I do,' replied Barclay.

'Well then,' said Mr. Pawlet, 'I shall expect to see you there as soon as you are able. I cannot come to town, or I would not give you so much trouble. When you arrive, send some one to inform me of it. We'll then fix on what you shall do. I have formed a plan in my head, but at present I shall say nothing about it.'

Taking his watch out of his pocket, he cried, "my time is up:—till we meet again, adieu!"

He refused to let Barclay see him out, saying, "its better that we should not be seen together," so hurried away.

When Mr. Pawlet was gone, our hero's soul began to expand. He was free—he breathed—he lived again.—Whilst he was walking up and down his room, enjoying the happy novelty of his situation, Gregory, according to custom, entered the room. He gazed at Barclay, who stood with his head erect, and his ample crest swelled out, looking, as it were, twice his usual size. Gregory would have been alarmed, had he not seen something like joy playing about his eyes, and an expression in all his features.

At the sight of Gregory, Barclay, presently recollected what he had done—the letter he had sent. But what could he say to him? How could he be displeased?

'I am glad, Sir, to see you look so well to day,' said Gregory. 'I suppose you have been happy in your writings. I met Mr. Pulp's foreman as I came along; he told me the press was at a stand, and desired me to tell you to send some matter—if you've got any done I'll take it.'

'Let the press forever stand and starve!' cried Barclay, good-humouredly; 'its ever-craving maw shall not be fed by me. Here I have some provender for it,' continued he, taking up a parcel of papers lying on the table, 'but it shall never be the better for it—no,' (tearing them) 'there, there Mr. Pulp, this is the last paper I'll waste on you.'

Gregory stared at him, and really began to fear that his brain was turned.

"Should you like to take a trip into the country, Gregory?' he added.

This question left him no doubt but his suspicions were just; and Barclay, guessing from his manner what his thoughts were, exclaimed, you think me out of my wits, I dare say; and so I ought to be—I am free!'

'F—f—free!' stuttered Gregory, his countenance changing all at once.

'Yes,' replied Barclay; 'Mr. Pawlet has been here, and generously lent me 3col.'

Gregory dropt suddenly on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, uttered such a heart-felt prayer of thanks, as listening angels might have glowed to hear!

Barclay now let him into the fact, and Gregory's joy was so great, and shewed itself so oddly, that Barclay in his turn, began to think *he* was crazy.

While Gregory, with the utmost alacrity conveyed away his goods to his own lodgings, Barclay was discharging the debt; and, making a handsome present to the *martyrs to genius*, to be spent by the club, he quitted the Bench, and once more respired the air of liberty.

I should have remarked, however, that in taking leave of his companions, Grub said to him: 'you won't thank me perhaps for the compliment, Mr. Temple, but may I be cut up in every review that's published, if I an't sorry your a going. Well, well, I wish it may fare better with you out than in; but, speaking from experience, I have little hopes of it. This is the hot bed of genius. Travels, you know, are my fort—late of Pembroke, eh? Well, how could I write my travels, when people saw me walking about the streets every day? No, I never lived like a gentleman till I came here!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAYING OF THE MAHOMETANS.

The Mahometans, who affect to express their moral doctrine in a kind of proverbial chain of parallels, say, "There are five things which a wise man will ground no hopes on; the colour of a cloud, because imaginary; the friendship of the covetous, because mercenary; beauty, because frail; praise, because airy; and the pleasures of this world, because deceitful."

ANECDOTES.

WHEN Garrick first came on the stage, and one very sultry evening, in the month of May, performed the character of *Lear*, he in the first four acts received the customary tribute of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big tear ran down from every cheek. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion;—it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh. In a few seconds, the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beauteous Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sopha, and, with the *majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent*, ran laughing off the stage.

The audience could not account for this strange termination of *a tragedy*, in any other way than by supposing the *dramatis personæ* were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated in the centre bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher sat back, and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, stared at the performers with as upright a head and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughter man was made of melting stuff, and not being accustomed to a playhouse heat found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well powdered sunday peruke, which for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff. The dog being in so conspicious, so obstrusive a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a church-wardens wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much, it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distrest.—no wonder then that it had such an effect on the representative.

—

AS a boat loaded with sheep was going down the Garonne to Bourdeaux, a passenger, in the evening, resting himself on a bench, fell asleep. An old ram, observing his head tossing this way and that, according to the motion of the boat, took it for a challenge, and flew against him with such violence, that the blood ran plentifully. The poor fellow finding his sad situation, and irritated by being laughed at, seized the old ram in his anger, and tossed him overboard. The owner of the sheep, vexed at this treatment of his ram, fell to mangling the bloody head still worse. In the meantime, the rest of the sheep seeing how their leader had leaped overboard, very honestly leaped after him; and as it was dark, and the crew in confusion, were all lost. As soon as the parties arrived at Bourdeaux, they commenced three suits;—one by the owner, for the value of the sheep—one by the beaten man, for assault—and one by the boatman, for the freight of the sheep. The court considered the case so complicated, and the agressions so nicely balanced, that they could not grant damages to either of the parties.

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Some years ago a new clock was placed in the Temple Hall, London:—when finished the clock-maker was desired to wait on the Benchers of the Temple who would think of a suitable motto. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them he at last came when the old benchers were met in the Temple, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto—one of the Benchers, who thought this application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing original mottos, testily replied, "Go about your business." The mechanic, taking this for an answer to his question, went home and inserting at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business," he placed it in the Temple Hall, to the great surprize of the Benchers, who upon considering the circumstance, agreed that accident had produced a better motto than they could think of, and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyers and the public to go to their business.

—

Mr. Helvetius had a Secretary named Baudot, who had known him from his infancy: And presumed from this circumstance to treat him with as rude familiarity as a sour preceptor would treat his pupil. One of the chief pleasures of this captious and ill-tempered man, was to censure the conduct, the genius, the character and the works of this mild and indulgent philosopher. His strictures were always concluded with severe and personal satire. Having once attended with great patience to the railings of Baudot, he went to his lady, one of the most virtuous and amiable women in the world, and said, "Madam Helvetius, can it be possible that "I have all the faults Baudot finds in me." "Surely not," said Madam Helvetius. "Nevertheless, I have some," replied he, "and who would tell me of them, if I "should turn away Baudot."

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Tartini, a celebrated musician, who was born at Parano, in Istria, being much inclined to the study in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be his at service on all occassions; and during this vision, every thing succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last, he imagined that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with so much taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprize and so exquisite was his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain; he, however, then composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works, and called it the *Devil's Sonata*, but it was so far inferior to what he fancied in his sleep, that he declared he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other mode of subsistence!

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Dimensions of the Skeleton of the Mammoth, lately exhibited in New York.

	Feet	Inch.
Height over the shoulder,	11	0
Length from the chin to the rump,	15	0
From end of tusks to end of tail,	31	0
Width of the hips and body,	5	8
Length of the under jaw,	3	1
Weight of do. 63 1-2 pounds		
Length of the thigh bone,	3	7
Smallest circumference of the same,	1	6
Length of the large bone of fore leg,	2	9
Largest circumference of the same,	3	1½
Smallest do. do.	1	5
Circumference round the elbow,	3	8
Length of the defences, or horns	10	7
Circumference of one tooth,	1	6½
Weight of the same 9 lbs. 10 oz.		
The whole Skeleton weighs 1000 weight.		

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 3.

Quisnam igitur liber?—Sapiens sibi qui imperiosus:
Quem, neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; . . . . . .

HORACE.

Who then is free?—The wise man who can command himself: whom neither want, nor death, nor chains can terrify; brave enough to controll his desires, and despise unmeaning honours.

THE passions, so long as they preserve their superiority over reason, will confine the mind in a state of abject slavery and obedience to their controll. The freedom of our actions may furnish food for the gratification of pride, but can never prove of real benefit to ourselves, while the governing power—the mind—is held in bondage. We may boast our liberty and independence, but without the disposition to eradicate from our hearts those failings which are insurmountable obstacles to the attainment of happiness, we can never taste true enjoyment. There is one person with whom I have the honour of being intimately acquainted, who has his share of human infirmities, but can yet make himself happy in any situation. His good-humour is almost invincible. I have seen him preserve his serenity of temper when surrounded by a dozen young bucks, who were willing to pass for wits, "*by roasting the old codger*," without one requisite qualification but impertinence: I have seen him exposed to the battery of his wife's tongue, fraught with all the provocation that could be suggested by female peevishness, yet *Dick Mildman* was not to be disturbed. If he could preserve the usual temperature of his disposition in such situations as these, the reader will allow there is no other ordeal necessary to establish his character as a perfectly "good-natured man." Yet Dick has not sunk into a state of apathy, nor has he divested himself of every trace of passion; for unluckily he is not armed at all points; and though there is but one way by which access to his irascibility can be obtained, if the unfortunate chord is touched, his bosom is instantaneously in a flame. This unguarded part of his disposition was accidentally discovered one evening by a party of young *beaux of spirit*." Dick was at a certain hotel, well known as a resort for the male votaries of fashion and mischief, whither he frequently repaired of an evening to make his observations, (for strange to tell, though perfectly good-natured, he possessed a considerable portion of discernment,) and as usual, whenever he visits there, his tormentors approached, forming a circle around him. One admired the fashion of his coat, which was made for him when a youth, from a pattern of his grand-fathers; another praised his graceful appearance and easy manners—but it was all ineffectual. Dick knew that he had never been educated to bow and cut capers like a modern macaronie, and knew also that he had acquired a hobble in his gait by a dislocation of his hip bone. He therefore answered all their impertinence with perfect good-humour. One luckless beau, with more inclination for frolic than prudence to apply his talents in that way, chanced to observe the peculiar nicety of my friend's hair, which was always dressed with the most scrupulous exactness, and calculating too extensively on Dick's quantum of forbearance, moved the candle in a direct line till it came in contact with the hair. The effect was instantaneous. The sufferer was no sooner apprized of the insult offered to his locks, than he knocked the mischievous youth with whom it originated, off his chair, and seizing his hat, precipitately retreated from the scene of his disgrace, after overturning two or three of the well-bred gentry in his passage. The flame which such a trifle had enkindled in his bosom, was not easily subdued. He retired to his own house in a very discomposed state of mind, and for the first time since Mrs. Mildman had metamorphosed him from an old bachelor into a quiet husband, dared to answer her inquisitorial researches into the cause of his inquietude, in a magisterial tone. The spark was instantly communicated to the bosom of his gentle wife. The contest between them continued till after they had retired to bed, where Dick's ire gradually cooled. Not so his cara sposa. No sooner did she perceive her good man soften his tone, than, as a politic general increases his exertion when his foe begins to evidence disorder, and fall away, her's rose in a corresponding ratio, till Dick was obliged to evacuate his post, and take refuge in an adjoining apartment, leaving his wife to lull herself to sleep with a repetition of the curtain lecture, with which she had entertained him. The beau who had been *favoured* with the blow from my enraged friend's hand, was nearly annihilated; but on recovering, insisted on sending a challenge, and *honourably* washing out the insult with blood. Fortunately there were some at hand who had sense enough to discourage it, and the fop was obliged to retire without the consolotary prospect of revenge, and by a month's confinement, ere his deranged nerves gained their usual tone, did penance for his unlucky attempt at fun. Richard, as may be reasonably expected, never ventured there afterwards, and the recollection of the scene frequently affords some mirth to the constant visitants of the hotel.

"Perfectibility," as Godwin terms it, is evidently not the heritance of mortality. To be free from fetters imposed by human tyranny, requires less the exertions of the mind than of the body. To break the chains imposed by one man upon another, courage tempered with prudence, and discernment to form an accurate idea of the difficulties to be obviated, are, in my opinion, all the mental exertions necessary; the completion, depends more on corporeal powers. To dissolve the ignominious bonds in which we are detained by the supremacy of our passions and propensities, demands the aid of all our energies, and continued perseverence in this path of glory can alone accomplish the happy purpose. Boast not, then, my countrymen, of your freedom and your independence, when your noble and etherial part is confined beneath the fetters of brutal inclination, and chained down by vulgar prejudice. First place Reason on the throne which is her rightful seat, and which Passion has usurped; guard every access to the propensities of your nature; close every avenue, that nothing awaken the sleeping fires—for, till the vital spark itself is extinct, they can only *sleep*—and then say you are free....Till then, who is in reality so?

W.

HYPOCRISY.

THERE is no man who does not act the hypocrite on some occasion. The Count Gaspard de Schillick, who had been chancellor to three preceding emperors, said to Frederic the Third, that he would instantly retire from the world, as he saw that it was filled with hypocrites and knaves. "You must then go to some unknown country," replied Frederic; "and yet there will be one hypocrite wherever you reside, unless you pretend to be a god and not a man."

REMARK—If a man says that you have good sense, you will readily allow that he has a good judgment.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF JUSTICE PERFORMED BY THE SULTAN SANDJAR.

THE east has seen few princes reign, so renowned for equity as the Sultan Sandjar,* son of Melekchahle Selgiucides, as will appear by the following history. The Sultan Sandjar, after a bloody war, wherein he had given the most striking proofs of valour and ability, entered the city of Zalika in triumph, followed by his victorious army, and met by his people without the walls, to testify their joy for his safe return.

In the neighbourhood of this city was a cupola of a prodigious height, supported by forty marble columns. As the troops marched off at the foot of this dome, the son of a poor dervich, the better to observe them pass along, was mounted upon the top of it. The Sultan, passing near this building, perceived something perched upon the very extremity, and imagining it to be a bird, had a mind, being expert with his bow, to shew his dexterity to the people: he let fly an arrow with so much force, that it reached the boy, and brought him headlong to the ground, covered with blood. What was the astonishment, or rather, what the sorrow and despair of the prince, when he beheld the shocking spectacle! He immediately quitted his horse, and throwing himself upon the body of the youth, expressed the deepest grief. He sent directly for the child's father, and taking him by the hand, conveyed him to his tent, where he shut himself up with the dervich alone: then taking a purse of gold, and laying his naked sabre upon the same table by it:—"You behold in me," said he to the dervich, "the murderer of your son; I might vindicate myself, by assuring you that I did not premeditately design to kill him; but my crime, by being involuntary, is not the less afflictive to you, as it loads you with the heaviest calamity a father can suffer: you know the law; if, agreeable to the liberty it gives, you permit me to commute for the blood of your unhappy son, there is the gold; but if resolved to enforce the utmost rigour of the law, you require blood for blood, behold my sabre, take away my life: I have taken the precaution, that you may have nothing to fear in quitting my tent." "Ah! my lord," cried the dervich, flinging himself at the monarch's feet, "if you are above the rest of mankind in dignity, you yet surpass them more in equity. God forbid that I should raise a sacrilegious hand against my prince, who is the life and soul of his kingdom: my unfortunate son has undergone the melancholy lot written from the beginning of time in the book of destiny†; your majesty is not guilty of his death; far from receiving the price of it, I should esteem myself happy, if, by the sacrifice of my own life, I could preserve that of a prince, good and equitable as your majesty."

"Your disinterestedness," answered the Sultan, in astonishment, "merits reward, and I appoint you Governor of the city of Zalika. Men who surpass others in noble sentiments, are born to command them."

* Sandjar, the 6th Sultan of the eldest branch of the Selgiucides: all the historians speak highly of his courage, justice, magnanimity and benevolence. The people he had governed, to testify the love they bore him, continued for a whole year after his death, to publish his name in the mosques, as if he was still alive and reigning. He was sirnamed the second Alexander.

† The Musselman's believe, that the fate of all men is written in a book with indelible characters, which they call the book of destinies. To reconcile the doctrine of predestination with free will, Husein Vaiz, one of their most famous doctors, says, That after we have made an improper use of our liberty, we lose the power of performing such good actions as we wish; he compares our liberty to a bridle held in the rider's hand, by means whereof he turns to the right and left; as he pleases, but he no sooner lets go the reins, than his horse runs away with him, and follows his natural impetuosity. The Arabian proverb upon fate, is. That when God will execute his resolution, the sagacity of the wisest men is suspended, till his decrees are accomplished. A Turkish Poet thus expresses himself upon this subject: "When the Almighty power of God has launched the arrows of his decree, there is no other shield that can ward off the blow, but obedience to his will.

The Enigmatist, No. 3.

"....." *Cease your pother,*
The creature's—neither one nor t'other.

HERRICK.

21. IF it be true, as Welchmen say,
Honour depends on pedigree,
Then stand by, clear the way;
Retire ye sons of haughty Gower,
And all ye sons of old Glendower,
And let me have fair play.

What tho' you trace thro' ages dark,
Your pedigree to Noah's ark,
Painted on parchment nice;
I am older still,—
For I was there,
And did appear
With Eve in paradise.

For I was Adam, Adam I,
I was Eve, and Eve was I,
"In spite of wind or weather;"
But mark me—I was not Adam,
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless we were together.

Suppose then Adam and Eve were talking;
With all my heart, but if they're walking,
There puts an end to me.
Not such an end, but that I've breath,
Therefore to such a kind of death,
I make but small objection;
For soon again I come in view,
And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true,
I die by resurrection.

22. What is the signification of (sense)

23. Did you ever see a Bun, dance on a table?

24. My first is misery in the extreme.
My second oft endures it,
My third is that delightful theme,
Who with sweet smiles can cure it.

ROGO.

Answers to the Enigmatist, No. 2, page 270.

13. They both *make a far-thing present.*
14. It is immaterial.
15. Love-ly.
16. Wel-come.
17. To cover his head.
18. The whale which contained Jonas.
19. When you are married {expect / Xpeck't} great crosses and little ease.
20. Mis-fortune.

[*From the* BALANCE.]

SUCH is the painful servitude of the female sex in some savage countries, that it obliterates the maternal feelings, and induces mothers to destroy their female children, that they may thereby save them from the wretchedness which they themselves endure.

Joseph Gumilla, a Popish missionary in South America, reproving one of the female inhabitants of Oronooka, for the inhuman crime of destroying her female infant, received the following answer:—"I wish to God," said the wretched mother, "I wish to God, that my mother had, by my death, prevented the manifold distresses I have endured, and have yet to endure as long as I live. If she had kindly stifled me in my birth, I should not have felt the pain of death, nor the numberless other pains to which life has subjected me.

Consider, father, (continued she, to Gamilla,) our deplorable condition;—our husbands go to hunt with their bows and arrows, and trouble themselves no farther; while we are dragged along with one infant at our breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children—and though tired with long walking, are not allowed to sleep, but must labour the whole night in grinding maize to make chica for them. They get drunk and beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under their feet.—Can human nature endure such tyranny?—What kindness can we show to our female children, equal to that of relieving them from such servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death?—I repeat again, would to God my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born."

Narrations of this kind (and our hapless world affords subjects innumerable) ought to cure people of a perverse and wicked disposition to repine at the most trivial disasters and disappointments. Among the daughters of ease and affluence, the loss of a lap-dog or a parrot, sometimes occasions pangs of distress. The breaking of an elegant looking-glass, or a few china cups has produced faintings and hysterics; while a disappointment of enjoying a ball, or a pleasure-ride, or of obtaining some expected article of fashionable dress, has rent the heart with grief, and beclouded the face with gloom.

Now if such delicate fair ones would call to mind, and ponder the scenes of real distress, which thousands of their sisters of the human race are daily passing through, it would shame them of the habit of repining at the most trivial misfortunes. A due reflection on the distinguished felicity of their lots in life could hardly fail of its tendency to expand their hearts with gratitude, to smooth the asperities of their tempers, and to invest them with the ornamental attire of a "quiet spirit"—an article in the female wardrobe of such "great price," that many an husband would gladly exchange for it the great fortune which his wife had brought him.

SELECT SENTENCES.

NUMBER IV.

If knowledge without religion was highly valuable, nothing would be more so than the devil.

We say 'the age is corrupted.' We speak improperly, its not the age, but the men of the age that are corrupted.

Never trust appearance; whatever noise a drum makes its only filled with air.

Thought was not implanted in the mind of man to wither away ungathered: he who is wise will watch its growth, and eagerly pluck its fruits as they ripen.

Solitary reflection, although, when it actuates a comprehensive mind and a clear conscience, it may be the greatest bliss a rational being is susceptible of, is too weighty for the weakness of our nature long to sustain, and is incompatible with the interests and affections of society. The soul is blunted by continual attention: by being long on the wing it grows weary, and falls from the height it had attained into a state of the deepest torpor: by gazing too stedfastly on the sky, it soon becomes blind; unfit for the contemplation either of heaven or of earth. He who devotes himself entirely to business, or he whom studies confine continually to his closet, is the drudge rather than the companion of mankind; and, although he may sometimes deserve our thanks, never merits from us much polite attention.

A man should early fix a standard of rectitude in his own mind, should frequently in private, measure his actions thereby, should note his deviations therefrom, and, at the same time, by his observations on other people, should endeavour to improve this ideal standard, of which, however, he should admit no alteration, without the most serious conviction. Such a man will act with confidence—his conduct will be marked with fortitude, while he will obviate the errors of obstinacy.

The mind, when restrained in its favourite pursuit, always becomes indolent for a time: it is the stagnate state of a river before the ebb sets in.

It is by collecting our thoughts alone, that we attain any knowledge of our mind; that hidden principle of action, in which the motives of what we do are sometimes lost from our own observation, and our intentions cannot be retraced by all the labours of recollection; so easy it is to lose sight of ourselves.

The Regularity of Nature in forming the Human Face.

IT is a general observation, that among the number of faces which we constantly see, we never meet with two that exactly resemble each other; but we seldom take notice of one circumstance that is very wonderful, which is, that every face is formed in such a manner, that however ugly it may be, if not disfigured by accident, we could not change any part to render it more handsome without making it deformed, because, even in this ugliness, Nature has observed an exactness of symmetry which we should not condemn.

For example:—Suppose that we had the power of lengthening the nose of a person who has a short one, it would not be symmetrical with the other parts of the face, which being of a certain bigness, and having certain elevations and depressions, it is requisite that the nose should be proportionate.

Thus, according to certain very perfect rules, a flat-nosed person *must* be so; and, agreeable to the same rules, the regular-featured flat-nosed face would become a monster, could we give it an aquiline nose: moreover, it is sometimes necessary that a man should have *no nose*. Thus, for example, in buildings of the Tuscan order, it is proper to leave the columns without a volute: in the Corinthian or Ionic orders the volute is a beautiful ornament; but it would occasion an irregularity, and appear monstrous in the Tuscan.

These considerations show us, that we ought not to ridicule any person for their apparent defects; for those we may so conceive are most frequently perfections. A small nose, small eyes, and a large mouth, form a species of beauty, which, though perhaps not entirely consonant to our ideas of a handsome person, we should not despise; it being, in fact, a species which has its rules.

When Nature forms a face, it is with the most just rules; and such is her regularity, that every one is produced perfect to her designs. From men judging by what pleases them, we find the Chinese esteem a flat nose and small eyes; the Africans prize triangled eyebrows, while in France they admire them arched; the Lybians love large mouths; the natives of Japan blacken their teeth; and in Ethiopia the most black are the most handsome; and our despising such beauties, are only proofs of the strange differences of the human mind.

There are as many different orders of beauty as of architecture; and, considering that Nature has her laws, we can never be right in saying, *that the most ugly face in the world is equally perfect and regular with the most handsome.*

REMARK.—A good book is the best of friends; you can entertain yourself pleasantly with that when you have not a friend in whom you may confide.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following is an exact transcript from the returns made into the Office of the Department of State, of the aggregate number in each State, agreeably to the late census; together with the number of slaves.

	Representatives.	*Slaves.*	*Total.*
Virginia	22	347,000	886,000
Pennsylvania	18	1,600	604,000
Massachusetts	17	*none*	575,000
New-York	17	20,000	586,000
N. Carolina	12	133,000	478,000
S. Carolina	8	146,000	345,000
Maryland	8	103,000	322,000
Connecticut	7	1,000	251,000
N. Jersey	6	12,000	211,000
Kentucky	6	40,000	220,000
N. Hampshire	5	8	183,000
Vermont	4	*none*	154,000
Georgia	4	60,000	162,000
*Tennessee,	3		
Rhode-Island	2	380	70,000
Delaware	1	6,000	64,000
Totals	140	870,988	5,172,000

In comparing the number of males to females, it appears, that they are in the ratio of 20 to 19. This is the ratio established by nature. It proves to be the same, on examination, with one or two exceptions in every part of the world.

*** In the year 1783, the number of free white inhabitants in the United States, amounted to 2,389,300.

* From Tennessee no accurate or complete returns have yet been made.

POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

Inhabited houses,	1,575,923
Families occupying them,	1,896,723
Uninhabited houses,	57,476
Males	4,715,711
Females,	4,627,867
Total of persons,	9,343,578

Solution to the Question proposed in No. 23.

BY MR. N. MAJOR.

LET half the sum of the four numbers be denoted by $2a=16$, and put $2u=$the difference of the first and second number, and $2n=$the difference of the third and fourth number, then will the four required numbers be represented by $a-u$, $a+u$, $a-n$, & $a+n$, the sum of whose squares is $=4a^2+2u^2+2n^2=266$, and the sum of their fourth powers $=4a^4+12a^2u^2+2u^4+12a^2n^2+2n^4=20258$, these equations divided by 2, we have $2a^2+u^2+n^2=133$, and $2a^4+6a^2u^2+u^4+6a^2n^2+n^4=10129$, and by transposing $2a^2+u^2$ in the equation $2a^2+u^2+n^2=133$, we have $n^2=5-u^2$, which squared gives $n^4=25-10u^2+u^4$, these values substituted for n^2, and n^4, in the equation $2a^4+6a^2u^2+u^4+6a^2n^2+n^4=10129$, we have $2a^4+3oa^2+2u^4+25-10u^2=10129$, and by transposition and division, we have $u^4-5u^2=-4$, complete square and the root, gives $u=\angle 2,5\pm\angle 2,25=2$, or $=1$, either of which values being taken for u, the result will be exactly the same, by taking $u=2$, we find $n=1$, from which the numbers are found to be 6, 10, 7, and 9; which was required.

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 10, 1802.

[FROM POULSON'S GAZETTE.]

Interments in the different Burial Grounds in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, in May, 1802, *to wit,*

	Adults.	*Children.*
1 Christ's Church -	2	6
2 Saint Peter's - -	4	2
3 Saint Paul's - -	1	0
4 German Lutheran -	8	11
5 German Presbyterian -	3	2
6 Society of Friends -	3	5
7 Saint Mary's - -	5	7
8 Holy Trinity - -	4	4
9 First Presbyterian -	3	0
10 Second Presbyterian -	3	1
11 Third Presbyterian -	4	1
12 Scotch Presbyterian -	0	0
13 Associate Church -	0	0
14 Moravians - - -	0	0
15 Swedes - - -	2	0
16 Methodists - -	0	2
17 Free Quakers - -	0	0
18 Baptists - - -	2	0
19 Universalists - -	0	2
20 Jews - - -	0	0
21 African Episcopalians	4	1
22 African Methodists -	1	1
23 Kensington burial ground	2	3
24 Coats's burial ground -	0	0
25 Public burial ground	31	11
Totals	82	59
Grown Persons - 82		
Children - - 59		
TOTAL 141		

AURORA BOREALIS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 6 ——On Thursday night last, the *Aurora Borealis* made their appearance in as splendid a manner as we ever recollect to have seen. A luminous arch, or semi-circle, extended from the N. West to the N. East, the diameter of which might be about 90 degrees above the horizon. From all parts of this arch, (which to appearance was about one yard in width) long pyramidical columns of apparent flame shot forth, some of which reached to the zenyuth, alternately rising, brightening, and fading away. The space beneath the arch, quite to its base, was filled with a black substance, resembling smoke, interspersed with spots of inconceivable brightness. The light which they reflected, was equal to the morning twilight, a short time before sun rising. The wind breezed gently from the south. Farenheit's thermometer had not for several days, much varied from the degree of summer heat, but the next day it arose several degrees higher. During the appearance of the light, there was distinctly to be heard, a low murmuring sound, in the region of the north, like the roar of distant winds. This circumstance we have remarked on several similar occasions.

These phenomena have appeared at different periods since about the year 1720; previous to that time we have no account of them, either in Europe or America. They are common in Canada, Iceland, Greenland, and other northern countries. They were very frequent in time of the late American war, since which they have rarely visited us. The causes of their appearance have not yet been accounted for, on philosophical principles. [*Poughkeepsie Barometer.*

AURORA BOREALIS, AT BOSTON.

On Thursday evening last, this phenomenon was accompanied by the very extraordinary appearance of a remarkably luminous belt of light extending from the eastern to the western edge of the horizon, directly thro' the Zenith, which lasted about an hour. It appeared about five degrees in breadth, and formed a complete bow, dividing the Heavens into two hemispheres. At the same time, a number of coruscations were seen exhibiting the appearance of light flying clouds, slowly undulating towards the centre. And during the whole night the northern part of the horizon was more enlightened than has been observed for many years.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Annan, Capt. Peter Bell, to Miss Hannah Forder, both of Southwark.

——Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Lawrence Brown, to Miss Rebecca Webb, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, On the 7th inst. Mr. John Bartholomew, for many years a respectable sugar refiner of this City.

——Same day, universally and justly lamented, near Frankford, in the 43d year of her age, Mrs. Rebecca Smith, wife of Mr. Robert Smith, merchant, of this city.

——At Germantown on the 5th inst. Mr. James M'Gill, aged 84 years.

——Suddenly, at New-York, on the 4th inst. in the 78th year of his age, Mr. James Rivington, an old and truly respectable inhabitant of that city—a native of Great Britain—but many years an eminent printer and bookseller in New-York.

——At Acton, (N. H.) Mr. Samuel Jones, aged 95. He lived with his wife, who survives him, 70 years.—Their posterity amount to 119. It is worthy of notice, that at the time of his death, there were living, within one mile of him, three persons upwards of 90, and in that small town, nine others, upwards of 80 years of age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines to "*Evening*," by *Orlando*, are received. The pieces he refers to will be published.

"*Verses written after sickness*," by *Floria*, and "*Hymn* 6th," of a series of Hymns, in our next.

Rogo is informed that the object of his enquiry can be accomplished.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMNS.

HYMN V.

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.
Psalm xiv. 1.

WHEN round I cast my wond'ring eyes,
Up to the heav'ns, the earth below,
The air, which finite pow'r defies
It's wondrous qualities to know;
One truth is clear,
They all declare,
Supreme on high there is a GOD,
Who shakes creation with his nod,
And rules the circling spheres.
See, each performs th' appointed round,
Nor lags, nor loiters in the race;
No imperfection's to be found.
Nor for improvement any place:
The vast design,
O God! was thine—
Form'd in thy all-creative mind,
Where goodness, mercy, love, combin'd,
ONE INFINITE appears.

Ye fools who talk of atoms' dance,
Tell how yon suns benignly shine?
Say how the planets all advance,
By laws, in harmony divine?
Tell whence the light,
To banish night,
Receiv'd its origin? and why
So swift, it journeying thro' the sky,
Abundant blessing brings?
Shall man be vain?...hark! thunders roll!
The livid lightning fearful flies,
From arctic to antarctic pole
It darts across th' astonish'd skies:
Nature appears
Convuls'd with fears,
And cries aloud, "There is a God,—
"Who by His wisdom, hand and rod
"Guides all created things."

Be still', and own His mighty pow'r,
Ye self-opinion'd daring band;
Can ye support a wrathful hour?
Or brave His omni-potent hand?
Learn to be wise,
No more despise
His goodness infinite, and grace,
Surrounding all the human race,—
Unpurchas'd large and free;
Come own His pow'r, His being own,
With grateful, willing hearts submit;
Bend low before your Maker's throne—
An humble soul's an off'ring fit:
He'll hear your cries,
And still your sighs,
Disperse your doubts, your fears destroy;
He'll fill your souls with heav'nly joy,
And BE your refuge be.

X. W. T.

The following Elegy on the death of a very worthy young Lady, is the production of a gentleman who resides in Chestertown, Maryland, and is communicated for publication by a friend.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH MARTHA WICKES, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. WICKES, NEAR GEORGETOWN, MARYLAND.

Dignam laude musa vetat mori.

PEACE my perturbed soul, oh let me rest;—
But see! sure heav'n's sweet light salutes mine eyes;
Away dark phantoms, haunt the guilty breast,—
To Him who dwells in light my thoughts would rise.

But hark! what sounds! oh God! what means that noise?
What moans! what sighs! come sobbing in the breeze!
And hark! I hear the unhappy screech-owl's voice,
In dismal concert with yon groaning trees.

To banish fancied fears I rose from bed,
The sun's red orb hung o'er the eastern main,
The gloomy clouds of night had not yet fled,
It seem'd still doubtful which should mast'ry gain;

Pleas'd with thy charms, sweet peaceful *Morgan's* creek,
Thy swelling hills, tall woods, and verdant dales,
I thought that none in vain could comfort seek—
The heart is sick when rural med'cine fails.

A lonely Eglantine I oft did view;
Hard fate had torn it from its native plains,
One only Rose yet sipp'd October's dew,—
The lovely flow'r oft sooth'd my mental pains.

To this sweet flow'r I bent my lonely walk,
For sympathy is sweet to him that grieves;
But ah! the cruel blast had nipp'd its stalk—
My lovely Rose lay 'mong the fallen leaves.

Thus struck on Aleganey, deep by death,
The wounded Hind flies thro' the spacious groves,
And vainly searches till her latest breath,
To soothe her pains, by finding those she loves:

Thus sad I travers'd the deserted walk,
Where innocence and wit, oft op'd their charms;
Where fav'rite plants and shrubs recall'd sweet talk,
Where—Oh my heart—what new unfelt alarms?

On rapid pinions borne, the trump of fame,
Had far reported thro' the east'ern shore,
And to my sicken'd heart that moment came,
With mournful tidings....BETSY is no more—

No more—I cried—Oh! can it be she's gone?
Yes, my prophetic soul was not beguil'd—
Kind nature wept, and put her mourning on,
To shew her feelings for her favour'd child.

Benignant nature, anxious she should please,
Lent all the graces in her ample store;
To crown the whole, simplicity and ease—
But *Betsey*, nature's favorite, *is no more.*

Tho' conscious of the debt to nature due,
An innate, ardent love to her she bore;
Enraptur'd oft, the living landscape drew—
Let nature mourn, her pupil is no more.

An early knowledge of the *Galic* tongue,
Her taste and fertile genius much improv'd:
The moral beauties of a Fenelon,
And Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd.

Such views of nature, thus enjoy'd at home,
Inspir'd a wish t' explore the vast domain,
O'er seas, and soils, and climes she long'd to roam,
To read the works of nature of men.

From geographic studies oft her mind,
On science' heavenly wing, aloft would rise
'Mong rolling worlds, intensely pleas'd to find
Wise nature's laws most simple in the skies.

On thought expansive as divergant rays,
"From nature up to nature's God" she'd soar,
And sigh she saw no more of WISDOM'S ways—
Her sigh was heard....and *Betsey* is no more.

Father in heaven, on earth thy will be done,
O teach parental grief the humble theme;
'Twas heaven's high will that call'd the minor home
To taste those pleasures silence best can name.

REV. J—— D——s.

SELECTED.

THE JOYS OF SCOLDING.

SOME women take delight in dress,
And some in cards take pleasure,
While others place their happiness
In heaping hoards of treasure.
In private some delight to kiss,
Their hidden charms unfolding:
But they mistake their sov'reign bliss,
There's no such joy as scolding.

Each morning as I ope my eyes,
I soon disperse all silence,
Before my neighbours can arise,
They hear my clack a mile hence.
When at the board I take my seat
There's one continued riot;
I eat, I scold,—I scold, I eat,
My clack is never quiet.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,
Though of my own providing,
I still find fault with every dish,
Still every servant chiding.
Too fat, too lean, too salt, too fresh,
I never can be suited,
But give a blast at every dish,
Bak'd, roasted, boil'd or stewed.

At night when I retire to bed,
I surely fall a weeping,
For silence is the thing I dread,
I cannot scold when sleeping.
But then my pains to mitigate,
And drive away all sorrow,
Although to night may be too late,
I'll pay them off to-mortow.

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository, are respectfully informed, that their 22d payment of 25 Cents, will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.*